Numb. 6.

5422

THE Weekly Comedy,

As it is Dayly Acted at moſt *Coffee-Houſes* in *LONDON*, BY

Snarl, *a Disbanded Captain.*	Cant, *a Preciſian.*	Log, *a Marriner.*
Truck, *a Merchant.*	Snap, *a Sharper.*	Scan-all, *a Poet.*
Scribble, *a News-Writer.*	Squabble, *a Lawyer.*	Pluſh, *a Quack.*
All-craft, *a Turncoat.*	Whim, *a Projector.*	Prim, *a Beau.*

Note, That all Theſe Perſons will not Speak in every ſingle Paper, but as the Author finds occaſion to Introduce 'em.

From Wednesday June 7. to Wednesday June 14. 1699.

Enter Truck *and* Log; *and to them* Snap *and* Pluſh.

Truck. I Think, Mr. *Log*, your laſt Voyage was very proſperous. When is it you intend for Sea again?

Log. Why, look ye, Mr. *Truck*, you don't hear me blame Fortune, nor Curſe the Winds; and that's as much as to ſay, I have no reaſon to Complain. I am ſure my Owners cannot but Confeſs I made it a very advantagious Voyage to them: But yet a Man's no more *Expected* for it, than if he had over-ſet the Navigation, and come into the Channel Keel uppermoſt.

Truck. Why, what's the matter? Have they done any thing unfairly by you, that makes you ſeem to be ſo unſatisfied with 'em?

Log. Yes, I think they did, or Why ſhould I find fault with them? They pretended to prove a breach of Orders againſt me to their great dammage; nor would they allow my Accounts for the Ships Expences a good while; but as ſoon as ever I ſheard clear of 'em, I told 'em my *Compinion*; and that I never *Reſpected* ſuch Uſage from 'em, bidding them do what they pleas'd with their Sluggiſh Bitch of a Pink, for the Devil ſhould Sail in her again before I would.

Truck. Then ſhe was not taken from you, but you turn'd your ſelf out of her; that I muſt confeſs of the two is the more Honourable way of quitting her. But pray, Mr. *Log*, how does your Wife do? I thought I met her to'ther day with a Belly up to her Mouth. I'll ſay that for you, you make as good uſe of your time when you are on Shoar, towards the improvement of your Family, as any Marriner in *England*.

Log. To tell you the truth on't, I do think my ſelf bleſt with as fruitful a Woman as an honeſt Fellow would deſire to lie by. The firſt Child ſhe had, ſhe went but Six-Months with it, but the next ſhe had made amends for it, for ſhe went Twelve-Months with that, which Mother Midnight gave very good Reaſon for, according to my *Prehenſions*: For, ſays ſhe, *if a Woman loſes three Months of her time, in going with one Child, ſhe always recovers it in the next.* Which, according to the rule of Addition, you know, is very plain: For add Twelve to Six, and that makes Eighteen, which, you know, is the full time of both.

Truck. But pray, Mr. *Log*, what do you mean by your Wives going a Twelve-Month with one Child? That's very improbable. Beſides, how can you tell ſhe went ſo Long?

Log. Tell! Adſheartlikins! If I ſhould not tell, who ſhould! I left her and went on Board, I very well remember, in *Chriſtmas* Week; and you know 'tis always our Cuſtom to take a kind farewel of our Wives; and return'd again *Chriſtmas*-Eve was Twelve-month, and ſhe tumbled into the Straw upon *Chriſtmas*-Day, and brought me the thumpingeſt Boy to Town that ever you ſee new born ſince your Eyes were open. Nay, I am ſure it could never have been ſo big, if ſhe had not gone three Months longer with it than what's uſual.

Truck. I am affraid your Wife impoſes upon you. You muſt conſider, other Men are able to get her with Child as well as you, if ſhe'll but conſent to the Tryal.

Log. Ya, ya, that's true. But hang her, I am ſure the Jade's honeſt. I know ſhe's a Woman of that Temper, that ſhe hates to do any thing that's baſe behind a Mans Back. Nay, as Simply as I ſit here, I am certain ſhe Loves me ſo very hugely, that ſhe would ſooner ſuffer her ſelf to be keelhauld, or hang'd up at Yard-Arm, rather then ſhe would make me a Cuckold, or do any thing to abuſe me when I'm from her.

Snap. I think, Sir, you are very much in the Right on't, to have ſo good an Opinion of your Wife. To be ſure it obliges her to be the more Juſt and Loving to you. But pray what Voyage was you gone, when your good Woman went ſo long with her Burthen?

Log. I was gone to the *Weſt-Indies*. Where (the Devil take ill luck) I knock'd a good Ship on the Head before I got back again.

Snap. Then, I ſuppoſe, you have heard ſome of the *New-England* Saints Sing-Pſalms whilſt they've been Stealing of Log-wood?

Log. Ya, ya, that I have; and do Twenty worſe Tricks than that, for all they are ſo Religious.

Snap. Tis a wonder to me, that you, who accuſtom your ſelves to ſuch long Voyages, ſhould ever think of Marrying; and run thro' all thoſe Dangers and Difficulties to maintain a Woman in Idleneſs, whoſe Company you don't enjoy above a Month in a Year. Do you think a Miſtreſs, when you're a Shore, would not be much cheaper to you?

Log. That's true, 'twould be much Cheaper, but a Miſtreſs would not be half ſo uſefull as a Wife, for this Reaſon, You muſt know, we have a Cuſtome at Sea, every Saturday Night to Drink a health to our Wives, and he that has never a one to remember, looks as ſimply, d'ye ſee, as a Maid at a Goſſiping, when the Marry'd Women

Women are talking Bawdy. Besides, we that are Married Men, have alway[s] the honour to Drink first of a Bowl. And, let me tell you, there's more in that than you are a ware of, for we often get a Cup extraordina[ry] by the bargain

Snap. I confess you have g[iv]en me better Reasons for Matrimony than [I] expected. I Never heard a Saylor say so [much] for it in my Life before: And yet I have [been] some years amongst 'em in my time.

Log. Why, what Parts hast [thou] been in? I fancy I have seen your face abro[ad] somewhere or other.

Snap. I have been several t[imes] in the *West-Indias*, but so narrowly escap[ed] with my Life the last time, that it has qu[ite] discourag'd me from venturing my Carcase o[n] the Ocean any more.

Log. You are a faint hearted Soldier indeed: A Seaman should never fear Drowning as long as he can think of a Gallows. But prithee friend how was your danger? Let's hear.

Snap. I'll tell you, and then be Judge. You must know, the last Ship I went out in, was a small Vessel call'd the *Sparrows-Nest*, Bound directly to *Jamaica*, where we lay in harbour about Six weeks before we got her Freighted. From thence we were Consign'd back to a Merchants in *London*, and the day before we Sailed we took on Board an Old Woman as a Passenger, who for many years had kept a Bawdy-house in *Port-Royal*, till she had successfully acquir'd, by the Industry of the Tail, the Value o' Two Thousand Pounds, which she had chang'd into Spanish Gold, and had brought on Board with her in a small Scretore, being very desirous of spending her latter days in *England*, that when she dy'd she might lay her Bones to rest in her own Country. We weigh'd Anchor with the wind at West and by South, getting clear of the Land without any difficulty; and went merrily on till we made *Cuba*, the Isle of *Pines*, then Cape *Florida*, and so entered the Gulph: But before we got thro' (as Ill Fortune would have it) a Plank happen'd to start, and we sprung a Leak so fast, that notwithstanding our Pumps, we had four foot Water in the Hold, in less then an Hours time; so that we had no hopes left of Saving our selves, but by betaking our selves to our Boat, which accordingly we did, taking in the Compass, and such Bisket and fresh Water as we could venture to carry along with us. The Old Woman beg'd hard that we would take in her Box of Money, which, on Second thoughts we yielded to, not knowing how useful it might prove to us, if we should chance to be driven on Shore upon some Strange Country. We were in all but Eight Hands besides the Old Woman, who was as penitent for all her past Crimes, as an Old Thief going to the Gallows. Thus expos'd to the Rage of the Merciless Ocean, we depended wholly upon Providence to protect us: Rowing by turns, keeping on our Right Course by the direction of our Compass, having nothing but the dread of Destruction before our Eyes, least by some unexpected Miracle prevented. The remainder of the Day we spent in Labour at our Oares, till at last, Night drew on, having neither Ship nor Shore in sight, from whence to expect Safty. But Fortune favouring us with little Wind, and a Calm Sea, thought it necessary to take so fair an opportunity to refresh our Bodies with a little Rest, that we might be the better able to strive against the fatal[ity] of Tempestuous Weather if it should happen. Accordingly we drew Cuts who should sit at Helm, and look out for a Sail, or awake the rest if any Danger should arise, and who should the Lot fall upon but my self? Agreeably I took my post, and the rest endeavourd to compose themselves for sleep, who being much tired with the days Fatigue, fell all to Snoaring in a very little time. They had not long got the start of me, but I grew so very Drowsy that I could not forbear nodding; and at last drop'd into as sound a Sleep as any of 'em, that Death had now an Advantage to have Catch'd us napping. How many Hours we continued in this Silentce, I cannot Tell; at last one awakes and findes it so very dark, that he could neither see Moon, Stars, Sky, or Water, nor could he perceive the Boat had any Rowling Motion, as was usual; with that he Alarms the rest, who began to rub their Eyes and endeavour'd to look about 'em, but could not so much as see their hands. Bless me! Said I, tis a dark long Night, I believe we shall never see day again. Another takes his Oar and Claps over-Board, W——s, said he, we are cast a shore in some Crick, where the Tide has left us, for the Devil a drop of Water is here about the the Boat. For G--d saks, says the Old Woman, set me on Shore; and give me my Box, I care not where I am, if it be but upon dry Land. Prithee, said I, somebody strike a light, that we may see who and who's together. Which was accordingly done, upon which we found our selves pent up in a little place, but where we could not think or Imagine. The Old Woman seeing no Water about her, was over hasty to get upon dry Land, as she thought, and Scrambled over the sides of the Boat, at which Interim, one of the Sailors being a little more Circumspect than ordinary, happen'd to Espie the Entrails of some Creature or other hang over his head, Z——ds, says he, we are got into a Butchers Shambles I think, for here's a delicate pluck hangs. We have had no fresh Provisions a good while, by my Lord and my Lady, I'll have a good Slice of the Liver; draws out his Knife and Cuts off about two Pound, upon which we were shot out, as swift as an arrow from a Bow, thro' a narrow Passage, and found our selves again upon the Sea, and no Land near us, it being of a sudden broad day-light, and the Sun almost upon the Meridian, as we found after by our Observation. We were all strangely startled and surpriz'd, wondering from whence we came, or what Place that could be from whence we were ejected with such a Rapid force. At last, looking round us, we espied a Monstrous Whale, which Occasion'd us to Mistrust he had gorg'd us in our Sleep, and was provok'd by the Wound in his Liver, to throw us up again. But as fortune would have it, we brought the Money along with us.

Log. But Pray Sir, what did you with the old Woman? how came she off?

Snap. Why, if you must know, to tell you the truth on't, we left her behind us on purpose to give Fools the occasion of asking what's become of her; and most people think it was very wisely done of us. Pray what think you?

Log. A Rope take thee for an Arch-wag: I'll be bound to sit a week in the Bilboes if you an't as old a *Buccaneer* as I am a Sailor your Roguery's so ready at your Tongues End: But Elaith Brother for all that (if a body may be so bold to call you so) I should be Glad to Drink a Bowl of Punch, or Can of Flip with you, if you'll call and see me in—— Lane in *Wapping*: you know my Name: I must run up to Change, to meet some Merchants I expect A Ship from: So farewell.

Log.
Truck. } Exuent.

LONDON, Printed by *J. How*, in the *Ram-Head-Inn-Yard*, in *Fanchurch-street*

Numb. 377. 543

The Protestant Mercury.

Occurrences, *Forein* and *Domestick*.

From Friday, June 9. to Wednesday, June 14. 1699.

Vienna, June 3.

THE Courtiers which waited on the Queen Dowager of *Hanover* to *Modena*, are all returned hither again with the Retinue belonging to them. The Imperial Court is not expected to return hither before the 12th Instant, and some say the 17th, at which time a final determination will be made about the General Dyet in *Hungary*, and other Affairs of moment that are now on foot. The Deputies which accompanied the *Muscovite* Ambassador through the Imperial Territories, are now returned hither again. The other Day the Count *de Denhoff*, Ambassador from the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, arrived here with a numerous Retinue, to pay the Compliments of Congratulation on the Marriage of the King of the *Romans*. 'Tis said, that it hath been notified to the *Holstein Gottorp* Ministers from the Emperor, that he should receive the Coppy-hold of the Electorate at *Luxemburg*, but that it was Objected by the said Minister, that that Court was so very small, that he could not conveniently Ride within it in a Coach with 6 Horses, which the other Ambassadors understanding, have signified to the said *Gottorp* Minister, the great prejudice that would be consequent upon the same, not only for the Duke his Master, but for all the other Princes of the Empire, if the Feoff was received otherwise than in a Coach with 6 Horses at Court. We have Advice from *Hungary*, that the design of forming a Camp upon the Frontiers, until the settling the Limits with the *Turks* was finished, and the arrival of Count *Marsigli* in this City, are adjourned for some time. An Express is arrived from *Croatia*, with Letters for Count *Ottingen*, but what the Purport of them is, we do not certainly know, but we conjecture, that the same relates to the aforesaid Limits. The last Letters from *Rome* inform us, that the Accommodation between that Court and the Imperial Ambassador, is not like to be so soon concluded as was hoped and expected, notwithstanding the determination of the same hath been referred by the Emperor to the Duke of *Modena* and Cardinal *Medicis*, who have used their utmost endeavours therein, and this Affair is very likely to be a Work of some longer time. A Courier is arrived here from *Madrid*, as it is said, with some new Instructions for the Young Count *de Harrach*: He made but a very short stay here, and is gone to *Madrid* by the way of *Genoua* and *Barcelona*, without Travelling through any of the *French* Territories. An Assurance hath been given by a Decree to the Minister of *Hesse Cassel*, that the Garison of *Rhinfelts* shall be quickly evacuated by the Imperial Garison therein.

Venice, May 23 The Chevalier *Carlo Ruzzini*, Plenepotentiary of the Republick for the Peace with the *Turks*, arrived on the 15th in the Evening in this City, and went the same Day *incognito* to wait on the Doge. On the 18th in the Morning he went with a numerous Train of Nobles, to the Senate, where he rendred an account of his Embassage at the Court of the Emperor, and of his Negotiations at *Carlowitz* in *Hungary*. The continual Rains have so swelled the Rivers here, that it hath caused us to fear a general Inundation, by which considerable damage hath been done in the Country; for which reason the Senate hath ordered, that for 3 Days, publick Prayers should be made in the Church of St. *Mark*, whither all the Parishes March in Procession, to desire of God a more favourable Season. A Saique from *Dalmatia* brings the News, that the *Turkish* Commissioner, Named *Osman Aga*, formerly Selictar or Sword-Bearer to the Grand Seignior, was come near the Frontiers, from whence he soon sent Advice to the Sieur *Giouanni Grimani*, Commissary of the Republick, that the Sieur *Grimani* hath also sent to Compliment him by the Colonel of the Militia of the Territory of *Spalatro*, and to signify that the *Turkish* Commissioner had sent him *Abasagick Aga*, with 40 *Turks*, also to Compliment him: That the Sieur *Grimani* had magnificently Treated them, and that afterwards he had proposed to *Osman Aga*, to commence the Regulation of the Limits on the side of *Albania*, but that this other pretended to begin it on the side of *Singh*, and that this Dispute was amicably terminated.

Francfort, June 10. The In-Villages, which the Elector Palatine hath promised to the Inhabitants of *Frankendal*, were published here the 25th of last Month, and on the Sunday following a Day of Thanksgiving was held here on that account: The same will be speedily Printed and affixed up in several places. 'Tis confirmed, that the Prince of *Birkenfelt* hath taken Possession of the County of *Rappelstein* against the Will of the Bishops of *Basel*, and hath thereupon paid Homage to the King of *France*. The *Palatine* Troops, who arrived late from the Country below, are debarked at *Manheim*, and are to Work with some others on the Fortifications. 100 Families of the Fugitive *Piedmontois* are all arrived in this Country, as are also some of them in *Hesse Homburg*.

Hague, July 16. Yesterday and this Day some of the Colledges had an Audience of the King of Great *Britain*. We yet know not certainly what Day this Week His Majesty will leave this Place. This Morning the Duke of *Wirtemberg* made a review of a Batallion of Foot Guards, and to Morrow reviews another. This Day about Noon the States of *Holland* and *West Friezeland* Assembled, and the Sieur *Wagtendonck*, Envoy from *Osnabrug*, was conducted to the Assembly of their High and Mightinesses the States General, in the second Coach of State, by two Lords Deputies.

These Lines being sent us by an unknown Hand, we have thought fit to Insert the same.

To D. G—— on his late Poem.

THO' *B*——, (who late defended *Phalaris*
With borrow'd Arguments and Railleries;)
Tho' *C*——, (whose wild mad Looks Proclaim
His Brains inspir'd with more than Poets Flame;)
Tho' *C*——, (an honest friendly boon Companion,
Who loves a Bottle as well as any one;)
Tho' *B*——, (a Youngster yet of little Fame,
But willing to Immortalize his Name:)
Tho' all these Bards in Tributary Ditties
Have shewn their Friendship greater than their Wit is;
Tho' you your self have made a pother,
And Tilted with a Physick-Brother:
Yet after all, to speak the Truth on't,
Your Poem and your S—— are both Blunt;
And he (believe me) most does Banter ye,
Who most commends your dull *Dispensary*.

The Prince and Princeſs of *Denmark* and the Duke of *Glouceſter*, continue all of them in good Health at *Windſor*; the Young Duke daily diverting himſelf with Hunting, and his Grace is extraordinary well pleaſed with the Guards the King allows him.

On Tueſday and Wedneſday night ſeveral conſiderable Robberies were committed in the Liberty of *Weſtminſter*, one of which was a Strong-water Shop, whence they Stole at leaſt a Hundred Gallons of Brandy, alſo a Grocer's Shop, whence they carried a conſiderable quantity of Currans, Raiſins and Sugar; and alſo a Victualing Houſe in *Tuthill-ſtreet*, and carried off the quantity of a Butt of Beer, beſides a Powdering Tub full of Salt Beef, *&c.*

We are informed, that a certain *Caledonian*, being reſolved to out-do all our Town Beaus, has got a long *Spaniſh* Wig that reaches down to his Crupper, wherein there is no leſs than 16 Pounds of Hair, in which every Morning he puts ſo many Ounces of Powder, and happening to be in the Rain yeſterday, the Powder was waſht all out of his Wig, ſo that by computation he could have little leſs than a Wheel-barrow full of Pudding on his Coat; and we are told that this growing Evil will be Petitioned againſt by ſome Perewig-makers, for ſhould it become a Faſhion, Hair would become ſo Scarce and Dear, that few Perſons would have wherewith to purchaſe enough to make an ordinary Wig.

On Thurſday a moſt Dreadful Fire began at *Mill-ſtairs* in *Redriff*, in a Ship-Carpenters Yard, occaſioned by Melting ſome Pitch, which through careleſsneſs was ſuffered to run over, whereby a Ship upon the Stock: (ready to be Launched) and another to Repair were Fired, from whence in the twinkling of an Eye almoſt, it reached a Stack of Reeds, and thereby grew ſo Ravenous, that it ſwallowed whole Streets, Lanes and Timber-yards, nay ſo greedy were the devouring Flames, that 5 Ships on the River were Conſumed, and had there not been abundance of Help, many other Veſſels would have ſhared the ſame Fate. The Fire began about Noon, and Burnt vehemently till about two yeſterday morning, during which time it totally Conſumed *Mill-lane*, *Saliſbury-ſtreet* and *Eaſt-lane*, on which ground ſtood about 250 Houſes, many of which were conſiderable ones too, belonging to Merchants, Maſters of Ships, *&c.* beſides 4 large Timber-yards, who were crouded with vaſt quantities of Goods. The damage done hereby is uncertain, but by computation it ſeems to be above a Million, whereby ſeveral Families which lived very plentifully and commendably, (and were both able and willing to Adminiſter to the Neceſſities of others,) are now bereaved of all the neceſſary Supports of Humane Life, not knowing where to lay their Heads.

Yeſterday at a Bowling Green on *Black Heath*, the Maſter of a Collier laid a ſilly Wager, of 20 Chaldron of Coals to Six-pence, about a Bowl, and by accident Loſing the ſame, was ſo much concerned thereat, that this morning he was found Hanging in his Cabin; which diſmal Story I inſert, only as a Caution, to Deter Men from laying ſuch great Wagers.

Yeſterday the Two Penny Lottery, called the *Honeſt Propoſal*, was Drawn at *Pewterers-hall* in *Lime ſtreet*.

*** The Undertakers of the *Two Penny Lottery*, called the *Honeſt Propoſal*, &c. which was Drawn at *Pewterers Hall* in *Lime-ſtreet*, the 14th and 15th inſtant, do give this publick Notice, that the Liſt of the Prizes will not be printed till Tueſday next, at which time a True Liſt of all the Benefits will be publiſhed, and the Names of all the Receivers, how much every one has received.

*** *The Sale of the* Greek, Latin *and* Engliſh *Books, conſiſting of near* 3000 *Volumes, in all Faculties, being the Library of Mr.* James Price, *Gent. Deceaſed, by Retail at very reaſonable Rates, will continue this Day and to Morrow till Night, and no longer, at* R. Smith's, *at the Angel and Bible near the May-pole in the Strand: Where you may have ready Money for any Study or Parcel of Books.*

Advertiſements.

*** Notice is hereby given from the *Society of Aſſurance* by mutual Contributions for Survivorſhip, aſcertaining 250 *l.* to the Survivor of Man and Wife, becoming Widower or Widow; Subſcriptions are daily taken at Mr. *Grigsby's* Office over-againſt the Swan Tavern in *Exchange-alley*, from 10 till 1, and from 3 till 6, where many have already Subſcribed. Each Subſcriber to pay at Entrance 5 *s.* for a Pollicy, 1 *s. per* Quarter, and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* to every Claim, for himſelf and Wife, till he or ſhe becomes a Claimant, and no longer; which Payments, according to the moſt exact Calculations that can be made, will not amount to more than 4 *l. per Annum*, and that's but an inconſiderable Charge for ſo large a Sum as 250 *l.* to be paid to the Survivor. We the Truſtees (elected the 26th of *May* laſt, out of the firſt 50 Subſcribers) do hereby give Notice, That we have met the Undertakers, examined and peruſed the Articles of the ſaid Society, and do not find any thing therein contained or intended thereby, but what we are fully perſwaded may be for the general ſatisfaction and advantage of the Subſcribers, and do hereby recommend it as ſuch to the Publick. Witneſs our Hands, the 8th of *June*, 1699, *Robert Howſon*, Miniſter; *Joſiah Child*, Merchant; *William Bayley*, Gold-ſmith; *George Segner*, Jeweller, and *Robert Norris*, Apothecary.

*** *Loſt* May 17 *laſt*, *Eleven Malt Tickets*, viz. *from Numb.* 111 m 221 *to Numb.* 111 m 226 *incluſive*, *Numb.* 111 m 236 *to Numb.* 111 m 240 *incluſive. Whoever brings them to Mr.* John Lund, *Goldſmith, at the Three Golden Lyons near* Temple Bar, *ſhall have Five Pounds Reward. Notice being already given to ſtop the Payment of them at the Office.*

☞ A Guide to Young Communicants, or the whole Duty of the Sacrament. Fitted for thoſe that deſire to be Worthy Receivers of the Lord's Supper: Propoſed in 12 Queſtions and Anſwers; with ſuitable Prayers Alſo Directions for Holy Living and Dying. A Dialogue between a Divine and a Beggar. And a Deſcription of Chriſt's Perſon, when on Earth. With Prayers for Morning and Evening. The Third Edition. Printed for *G. Conyers*, at the Golden Ring in *Little Britain*. Price 2 *d.*

☞ *The day being paſt on which the Undertakers of the* Triple-Penny Lottery *firſt reſolved to draw the ſame, in which every Adventurer has a Triple Chance of Fortune for each Penny adventured, and in which the Prizes are more equally divided than in any other of this kind; which was occaſioned by a long Debate in Parliament, which now being adjuſted, and a day fixed when they muſt all determine; the Undertakers of this, now re olving to carry on the ſame with that care and exactneſs, as ſhall give general Satisfaction to all Perſons, who have or ſhall take Tickets out of the ſame, that they fully reſolve to draw it on Tueſday the* 3*d of* October *next, at* Merchant-Taylors-hall, *of which timely and publick Notice ſhall be given, that all Perſons may bring in their Tickets to that purpoſe.* ☞ *Note, That the day fixed for the determining all Lotteries, is the* 29*th of* December *next, after which none can be drawn.*

☞ The *Antivenereal* Pills, *Electuary* and *Tincture*, which certainly, ſafely and effectually Cure a Gonorrhœa, Pain, Heat, Scalding of the Water, *&c.* in a few days time, without Confinement. As alſo violent Aches and Pains in the Head, Back, Shoulders, Arms, Legs, or Night-pains, and other Symptoms of the *Venereal* or *French* Diſeaſe. The Pills alone have Cured Hundreds. They Purge off the Remains of this Diſeaſe formerly ill Cured, or prevent it, if but in Danger. Their Operation, in any Seaſon, by Sea or Land, is ſafe, hinder no Buſineſs, nor give cauſe of Suſpition. Price 3 *s.* or 6 *s.* a Box, with Directions. By *J. S.* Phyſician, next Door to the *Golden Helmet* in *Duke-ſtreet*, in the *Old Artillery*, without *Biſhops-gate*.

London, Printed by J. Dawks, in *Wararobe Court*, in *Great Carter Lane*, near the Weſt End of St. *Pauls*. 1699.